

APRIL-DAY,

A

BURLETTA,

WRITTEN BY

The AUTHOR of MIDAS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAYMARKET.

The MUSICK compos'd by Dr. ARNOLD.

LONDON,
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THE MUSEUM

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Extract of a Letter from the
AUTHOR, to his Friend in
LONDON.

Dear Sir,

THE Interlude of the Magic Girdle, which Mr. Barthelemon left in my hands for correction, furnished me with the first hint of this Drama. I send you the original, that you may see my great reserve in borrowing from it; at the same time, humbly begging pardon of the gentleman, unknown, with whose hasty sketch I have taken so many liberties. The
Plot

Plot is here totally changed, and his Personages thrown into a different cast of character: I have availed myself but very sparingly of his words; scarce at all of his poetry.

I hope he will have the goodness to forgive me for what I have retained and what I have rejected, assuring him that, he is welcome to use still greater licence with any work of mine.

I adopt the laconic Dialogue of Italian Burletta, in order to comprise my Fable within the narrow limits of late prescribed by the taste of your audiences. This is short enough to
admit

admit their being indulged with some popular Petite Piece after it.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

DUBLIN,
January 12th, 1775.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Buffalo,	<i>{ a foolish, swag- gering, cowardly knave, supposed Guardian to Cephisa.</i>	Mr. BANNISTER.
Count Folatre,	<i>{ A young Gentle- man of worth, Cephisa's lover.</i>	Mr. DU-BELLAMY
Davo,	<i>{ Folatre's servant, Intriguing and Trusty.</i>	Mr. EDWIN.
Cephisa,	<i>{ A young heiress in love with Fo- latre.</i>	Miss TWIST.
Matilda,	<i>{ Cephisa's maiden aunt, indulgent and chearful.</i>	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.

SCENE, LYONS.

A P R I L - D A Y.



A C T I

SCENE, a Chamber—MATILDA and CEPHIRA,
at the Tea Table.

A I R. D U E T.

Matil. *H*AIL, China's balmy Bev'rage, hail!

Sip ev'ry lip,

Delighted sip!

And on the fragrant lymph regale!

Ceph. *Hail Tea! thy grateful soothing steam*

Kind thoughts supplies,

Ideas rise,

As sugar sweet, and soft as cream.

B

Matil.

2 A P R I L - D A Y.

Matil. *Hail China's*

Ceph. *Hail Tea,*

} &c.

Perch'd on the margin of each cup

A Cupid plays !

Matil.

At the lamp's blaze,

Hymen the nuptial torch lights up.

Ceph. }

Cupid-plays, perch'd on,

Matil. }

At the lamp's blaze, Hymen,

} &c.

Ceph. }

Cupid's

Matil. }

Hymen's

} *blessings woul'd ye share;*

Ceph.

Drink Tea, ye brave !

Matil.

Drink Tea, ye fair !

Ceph.

Drink Tea, ye brave !

Matil.

Drink Tea, ye fair !

Ceph. }

Drink Tea, ye brave and fair !

Matil.

[They rise and come forward laughing.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Matil. But apropos, child !—This fame Hymen's torch—

'Twere time you think about it.

Ceph. (*somewhat disconcerted*) Think ! — think, aunt ?

I

Matil.

A P R I L - D A Y. 3

Matil. Yes, think—come, tell not me;—you
girls, do think,
And oft'times think, the hours of celibacy
So many ages.

Ceph. (*confused*) Bless me, dear ma'am!

Matil. Nay, nay,
Unless you think on't young, when old, you'll
think,
And not be thought upon—why, here stand I
now.

A I R.

*I, in my giddy days—yes, I
Have had admirers—many;
Yet, was so nice, forsooth—so shy—
I scorn'd to fix on any.
One—too lean—one—too fat—
He—too tall—he—too squat—
Or—too this—or—too that—
That I never knew, what
I'd be at—
But now from my tantrums emerging,
I feel to my cost,
What offers I've lost;
And am, to my grief a stale virgin.*

4 A P R I L - D A Y.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ceph. Alas! poor aunty.

Matil. Why, the case is piteous; (*sighing*)
But you, my dear! are, by your father's will,
Secur'd against it.

Ceph. (*afflicted*) Oh! that will!—that will—
That—“if within the year no match be offer'd,
“To which my frightful guardian, Buffalo,
“Shou'd grant consent, I must, perforce, consent
“T' accept the odious brute himself.”

Matil. Too true—
Further—“if you refuse, then your whole fortune
“Devolves on Buffalo;—and you, for life,
“Immur'd—in some lone cloyster's cell.”

Ceph. (*resentfully*) A cloyster!

A I R.

*How cou'd my fond papa
Be cheated by this elf,
And thus allot
To such a sot,
His daughter and his pelf?
He surely had forgot*

That

*That were I like mamma,
Like her I'd please myself.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Matil. Choose quickly, then—you've but this
night to choose in.

What do you purpose?

Ceph. (embarrassed) Purpose, aunt? I purpose—
That is, I wish—but no—and yet—a maiden—
You take me? —

Matil. (ironically) Doubtless, child—you're
so explicit.

(serious) D'ye purpose to take Buffalo?

Ceph. (resolutely) The veil first.

Matil. Well judg'd! tho' both, perhaps, you
yet might shun.

Ceph. (eagerly) How? How, dear aunt?

Matil. (with a look of significance) (aside) I'll
try her—*(to her)* pray Cephisa!

Last Sunday, in the circus, from our win-
dow—

6 A P R I L - D A Y.

A I R.

*Did you mark,
A gay spark
In a sash?
On his phaeton rear'd,
How genteel he appear'd,
And how gracefully flourish'd his lash!
So handsome! so young,
And cut such a flash
As he pranc'd it along!
All the rest seem'd but trash;
And my very heart sprung,
To the youth in the sash.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ceph. (affecting indifference) A pair of dappled greys! I think, I did.
Bow'd to us——
Matil. Yes.

Ceph.

A P R I L - D A Y.

52

Ceph. His name Folatre, an't it?
Lives—a-la-place Roiale?

Matil. The same.

Ceph. (*with affected importance*) Well, aunt,
If this Folatie, with the dappled greys,
Lives, a-la-place Roiale—

Matil. (*impatiently*) He does—he does.

Ceph. Then—I know—nothing of him.

[*laughing.*

Matil. (*pettishly*) 'Psha,' don't trifle.

Ceph. (*check'd*) Pardon, sweet aunt!—this
little pleasantry;

And I'll confess—(*hesitates*)

Matil. Out with it, child!

Ceph. (*in confusion*) That—I—

Do—know him—and—

Matil. (*smiling*) And—don't dislike him—eh?

Ceph. Why—no—yes—can't you guess?—in
short, dear aunt—

A I R.

My heart is so harraſt,

My mind ſo embarraſt,

That, how to get out o' this pucker,

Or

8 A P R I L - D A Y.

Or what scheme engage in,
 I cannot imagine,
 Unless you afford me your succour.—
 My guardian I hate,
 As the nunnery grate:
 Folatre I prize,
 As the light of my eyes.
 There's your clue,
 So, adieu!

Exit.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mati l. A clue, indeed.—Their flame, I find
 is mutual!

Equal their trust in me—I'll not forsake them—
 Our don's a dolt, a vain chick-hearted bully:
 His pride, with flatt'ry first, I'll footh: that fail-
 ing,

His fear I will alarm. Next, on his folly,
 By stratagem, I'll practise—hush! I hear him—
 [*steps aside.*]

(*Buffalo is heard blustering behind the scene.*)

Buff. (*strutting in*) To day—'tis April Day—
 I will be wroth.

(*calls aloud*) Hoa! Dunberblixen, charge my
 blunderbuss—my rapier, Scolopendroz! [*swaggers*]

Enter

Enter a scald Ragamuffin, who kneels, and presents him a sword, then sneaks off, trembling; he draws it arrogantly.

Forth, Toledo!

(kissing the sword) Now, by thy blade, thy fate-dispensing blade! *(fiercely)*

What Caitiff grins this day, shall grin in—death.

Matil. (aside) Swollen turkey cock! *(laughing then advances with a low curtsy)*

Magnanimous and sapient Don Buffalo!

(curtsies) With all humility I crave an audience,
(curtsies)

Buff. (flinging himself proudly on a chair) 'Tis indulg'd thee—Say.

Matil. (curtsy) Signior, to you, as guardian of Cephisa,

I—modestly remonstrate that—my niece

Is now arriv'd at marriageable years—*(curtsy)*

Buff. (superciliously) The maid is nubile—*(nods)*
—on!

Matil. (curtsies) And—that—her term
For option—tends—this evening—to its close.

[curtsies.

Buff. Proceed. (with a nod)

Matil. (curtsies) Then, Signior, is it your
good pleasure

To doom her to the veil?

C

Buff.

Buff. (*sullenly*) No.

Matil. (*cheerfully*) You consent then,
She listens to the vows of—Count Folatre ?

[*curtsies.*

Buff. (*starting up*) Folatre ! (*in a thundering tone*) No.

Matil. (*mildly, curtsying*) Your reason, Signior ?

Buff. (*in rage*) Reason ?

Reason from me ? (*strides about furious*)

Matil. (*curtsying with a sneer*) True ; pardon the mistake !

Buff. My will—is reason—and my will it is,
Cephisa to exalt to—higher honours—(*struts*)

Matil. Higher, Signior ! (*with affected surprise*)

Buff. Yea, to the first, my hand.

Matil. (*scornfully*) Your hand ! the honour !

Buff. (*haughtily*) Woman ! yes—an honour,
To set contesting princesses at variance.

A I R.

*Lives there—whose valour, blood, and talents,
'Gainst Buffalo's can poise the balance ?
Your Cæsars, Platos, Alexanders,
And Senecas, tho' great commanders,*

To

*To Buffalo must veil the bonnet,
If Buffalo insist upon it.—
To whom, for lineage high, Nassau
Must strike the flag, and yield the pas.*
(He swaggers, she eyes him with the utmost disdain, then breaks out.)

R E C I T A T I V E.

Matil. Valour!—thou whipping post! valour!—where slept it,
When on the grand parade, this same Folatre
Can'd you? and tweak'd your nose?

Buff. (*with strain'd importance*) He was ignoble;—
Wou'd ha' debas'd my sword.

Matil. 'Slife, he'd ha' broke it
Cross your thick skull.

Buff. (*with haughty solemnity*) Learn, thou impertinent!
That Buffalo delib'rates, ere he acts.

Matil. (*sneering*) So't seems.

[*A sarcastical laugh.*]

Buff. So, while I mus'd, his rashness,
How with due dignity—best to chastise,
The coward flunk away. (*struts*)

12 A P R I L - D A Y.

Matil. (*much exasperated*) Coward?—no, brag-
gart!

A I R. D U E T.

Matil. *That title's quite your own,
Your own—of right inherent;
Whereby so well you're known,
That he can claim no share in't.*

Buff. *That he's a rank poltroon,
This sword shall make apparent;
He quakes, if I but frown.*

Matil. *You frown on him! you daren't.*

Matil. } *That title's,* } *&c.*
Buff. } *That he's,*

*He's a pet of your niece's;
For which*

I'll cut him to pieces.

Matil. *That tongue yo' 'ad best rein in—
D'ye itch*

For t'other good caning?

Buff. *By Styx, when I meet him, I'll beat him.*

Matil. *Yet, let me intreat you! not eat him.*

'A P R I L - D A Y.

Buff. } *By Styx,* } &c.
Matil. } *Yet let,* }

Buff. *You may find him plaguy tough!*
I shall find him, that's enough.

Matil. } *You may,* } &c.
Buff. } *I shall,* }

[Exeunt severally.]

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

14 A P R I L D A Y.

A C T II.

The Street before BUFFALO'S house.

Enter COUNT FOLATRE, his servant DAVO following. They walk along, looking up to the window.

FOLATRE, *anxious.*

NO signal yet?

Davo. Her aunt, my Lord, comes forth.

Enter MATILDA, dissatisfied. FOLATRE runs to meet her.

Fola. Well, my kind patroness! (*eagerly.*)

Matil. (sorrowfully.) Count! your proposals
I tender'd to the Don.

Fola. Well!

Matil. He rejects 'em.
Declares he'll marry her himself.

Fola. (stunn'd) Himself!
(*in dejection*) I'm lost—ay, this I fear'd. She—
She's

She's a treasure

Not to be yeilded. *(in despair)*

Matil. Why then yeild it you?

Fola. What can I do? *(desponding)*

Matil. Do, Count? rouse! use your wits!
Use stratagem, disguise! Our oaf's a subject
For any, any practice.

Fola. *(pondering)* I'm bewilder'd.

A I R.

Hope, despair, and rage surrounding,

Juggling,

Bustling,

And confounding,

Make a chaos in my breast.

Cupid, aid me!—Venus, smile!

O Jove! vers'd in am'rous wile,

Now, some device suggest!

FOLATRE plung'd in meditation, *DAVO* steps forward
bowing.

Davo. Pardon my lord—I see you're pos'd—
permit me
To start a project.

Fola.

*If some or other of these shapes,
To gull one formal jackanapes,
Cannot equip me—'tis hard.
I'll enchant,
I'll amaze him;
I will daunt;
I will craze him;
I will make him believe
I've an imp in my sleeve
Just ready to pop out and seize him.*

[Exit in a hurry.]

Re-enter MATILDA with CEPHIRA.

*Ceph. (to Fola.) My aunt informs me—you've
a plot in hand—*

*Fola. We have, my angel!—One, on whose
event*

My life or death depends. [taking her hand]

*Ceph. (with tenderness, half aside, with a sigh)
Perhaps mine too.*

Fola. (fondly) Bewitching softness!

A I R, D U E T T, *which changes to a*
T R I O, *and afterwards a* Q U A R T E T T O.

Fola. *Say, maid ador'd! Say! Heavenly Fair!*
What may I hope?

Ceph. *Hope, whatsoe'er*
Honour can grant, and love demand.

Fola. *They claim—in me they claim—your hand.*

Ceph. *My hand?—alas—that is not mine.*

Fola. *Your heart at least.*

Ceph. *Dear youth, 'tis thine.*
The little all I can, I give.

Fola. *And I, as heav'ns best boon, receive.*

Ceph.	}	<i>The little all</i>	}	<i>&c.</i>
Fola.	}	<i>And I as,</i>	}	

T R I O.

Matil.

Fly, fly!
In, in niece!—as I live,
Here's Buffalo.

Ceph.

Ceph. (in fright to Fola.) *Good bye!*

Fola. (to her fondly) *Good bye!*

Matil. (to Ceph.) *Fly, fly!*

Ceph. } *Good bye!* [runs off

Matil. } Fly, fly!

Fola. } *Good bye!*

Matil. *Here's Buffalo.*

Buff. (rushing in with his sword drawn)

Yes, here am I.

And wise are they, who fly.

Fola. (in rage) *Scoundrel you lie.*

Matil. *Great fools, say I.*

Buff. (arrogantly) *This arm, who dare oppose?*

Fola. } (*scornfully*) } *The man who pull'd your nose.*

Matil. { (pleas'd) } 'Twill surely come to blows.

Buff. } *This arm, who,*
Fola. } (drawing and moving towards } *I, I, who,* } &c.
Matil. } (much diverted) *Now, now, 'twill,* }

Fola. { (drawing and moving towards
him) I, I, *who*, { &c.

Fola. } him) I, I, *who,* } &c.
Matil. } (much diverted) *Now, now, 'twill,* }

Buff. (retreats, putting up) *Stripling, you owe to the police*

That bloodless, I resheath my sword ;

For I'm bound over to the peace. (struts.)

Matil. (laughing) *A good come off, upon my word!*

Buff. } I am bound over, }
Matil. } A good come off, } &c.

Matil. } A good come off, } &c.

20 A P R I L - D A Y.

Fola. *Let this release you, slave !*
 And this. (kicking him.)

Buff. (Still affecting courage) *Ay, you can now
 be brave.*

Yes, yes. (Going.)

Matil. (Pointing at him.) *Out, coward, bully,
 knave !*

Fola. *Take this, and this !*

Fola.	}	<i>Let this—</i>	}	} <i>Ec.</i>
Matil.		<i>Out, coward—</i>		
Buff.		<i>(Going out.) Ay, you can—</i>		

[Exit Buffalo, and afterwards the others.]

SCENE, *A Chamber, Buffalo solus, musing,*

RECITATIVE, *accompanied,*

Buff. “ Certes, of brain moon-smitten
 “ Must be—this Calcitrator,
 “ This Hotspur Count Folatre—
 “ Would else the puny kitten

 “ Ever

A P R I L - D A Y. 21

“ Ever have fac’d audacious,

(draws) “ This blade, or these Mouftachios?

(feigns) “ Sa, fa! There I could drill him.—

[Puts up.

“ I’ll swear him lunatic, poffefs’d;

“ Get him laid under an arrest:

“ And lower fo his crest.” (Swaggers.)

A I R.

How great a blessing to my foes,

That, when my wrath could tear ’em,

I let my mercy interpose,

And, in compassion, spare ’em!

Then prudence here shines,

(As in all my designs)

And wisdom atones

For my ward, fame, and bones.

Enter

Enter Matilda, as out of breath.

DIALOGUE in Musick.

Buff. (angrily.) *A fine time o' day,
To be out o' th' way,
Where a plague could you stay?*

Matil. *Sure I made no delay.*

Buff. *Two hours at least,
Now, when time press'd;*

Matil. *You might ha' guess'd,
I'd go t'engage the priest.*

Buff. (still chiding) *You crept,
You slept,*

Matil. (apologizing) *I but to the Conj'ror slept,
And there was kept.*

Buff. (inquisitively) *The Conj'ror?*

Matil. *Yes, Sir.*

Buff. (solicitously) *What Conj'ror?*

Matil. (solemnly) *Oh! an adept,
Newly slipt down from the regions
Of Luna, attended by legions
Of spirits of every hue.*

Buff. (with surprize) *Indeed!*

Matil.

Matil. *Aye, Sir ! a mystic,
 Deep read
 In Cabalistic,
 Astrology,
 Necrology,
 Tautology,—*

Buff. *Is this all true ?*

(Eagerly) *And can divine ?*

Matil. *Yes, Signior, mine.
 He, at a wink,
 Sees all you think ;
 Knows all you do,
 Better than you.*

A I R.

*He told me the secrets of all my past life :
 He told me how oft' I might have been a wife ;
 Told how this Knight wheedled, and how that Lord
 swore,
 With the kneelings,
 The sighings,
 The feelings,
 The dyings ;
 He told me whut follow'd, told what went before ;
 At last, in a whisper, he told something more.*

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

Buff. (*aside, ruminating*) This is past coz'nage,
no juggling here.

(*To her, looking wise*) Astrology was ever held a
science

Inscrutable, infallible, incredible.

Such hold it I, and therefore hold firm faith in't.

Matil. (*cajoling him*) Most justly reason'd,
Signior !

Buff. (*flattered*) Yes, I propose
To commune with this Sage, from him to learn
All, what my love, or fortunes may concern.—
(*Going, stops*)

A I R.

Yet, what need I
Consult the sky,
On stars above dependant ?
Are not Cephisa's eyes
My stars, my destinies,
And lords of my ascendant ? [Exit.

As Buffalo goes out, enter (at another Door) Cephisa.

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ceph. Lord, Aunt! I thought your conf'rence
with the Don

Would never end. Where went he?

Matil. (*with affected carelessness*) Just to's Notary,
To perfect a small bond to me.

Ceph. (*amazed*) To you?

Matil. Yes, poor ten thousand crowns, con-
dition'd solely

That I win you, to place your love on him,
And to discard the Count; that's all. Now,
Cephisa!

(*As if in earnest*) You must be desp'rate fond.

Ceph. (*with indignation*) Of him? good Hea-
vens!

And you—you to betray me?—'tis too much.

A I R. (*in agitation*)

No—believe it, I can't,
That my friend—that my aunt

E

Who

*Who profess'd
 Such a care
 Of my interest,
 Her niece would ha' sold,
 For a handful of gold,
 Like her slave, or her beast ;
 But I swear
 And declare,
 All friendship's a jest,
 And some but speak fair,
 To cozen the rest.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Matil. You thought me serious.

[Laughs heartily.]

Ceph. (disconcerted) Were you not ?

Matil. Mere joke.

Nay more, we have a plot to terrify him.

Davo will boast the powers of magic art,

And thus disguis'd so work upon his fears,

That he shall tremble at the thoughts of marriage,

And beg Folatre to accept your hand.

A I R.

A I R.

*His doughty Donship,
I've got on the hip,
I'll silence his Rhodomantadoes,

The Conj'r's a whip,
To make a knave skip,
And humble a bully's bravadoes. [Exit.*

*Ceph. (smiling) Sh'as hook'd her gudgeon.—
Now, the playing's all.
I'll follow, to be ready at the landing.
(with emotion) Why palpitates my heart? do I
not see
That this clod's pride, and fear, and superstition,
All op'rate to our aid? (sighs) wou'd 'twere well
over!*

A I R.

*The merchant whose whole stock,
One crazy bark conveys,
Each moment feels the shock,
Of shelves, shoats, winds, and seas.
My cargo's love; wedlock, my port;
Ez Blow*

28 . . . A P R I L - D A Y.

Blow fair, kind gale !

For if thou fail,

My dismal resort

Is—the Veil.

[Exit.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E, Davo's Apartment.

Enter Matilda, conducting Buffalo. [mysteriously

MATIL. (*in a low voice.*)

THESE are the conj'ror's chambers. Here I
leave you. [*going.*

Buff. (afraid) Alone? Leave me alone?

Matil. He sees but one at once—good stars
t'ye! [*Exit.*

Davo, *behind the Skreen.*

Davo. (aloud, solemnly) The stars announce
Don Buffalo's approach.

Buff. (aside, aw'd) Unseen, to know and name
me—Strange indeed!

Davo.

Davo. (*louder*) Open locks,
Ere he knocks.

*[The stage is darken'd, and the scene flying open,
Davo is seen sitting gravely at the table in a
magician's habit, awfully waving his wand,
while Buffalo stands silent in terror and
amaze.]*

Davo. (*solemn*) Be Jupiter predominant in
Virgo,
Aspect benign ! [*Thunder*] A gracious omen.—
(*Rises and bows.*)

Buff. (*quaking as Davo advances towards him*)—
(*Aside*) Save us !

Davo. In me, Don Buffalo ! in me thou seest
The type, the proto-type, the arche-type
O' th' mystic Cabala—Me, the nine planets,
Their Major Domo—Me, th' ecliptic comets,
Their aid-de-camp—Me, the bear's arctic, ca-
tarctic,
Saturnus, Urnus, Ops, Hydrops, Libra, Zebra,
(Wi' the rest of the menagerie celestial)
Their warden recognise.

Buff. (*in a tremulous voice, and bowing low*)—
Yes, Sir !

Davo. (*continuing*)—All science,

Lucid,

Lucid, abstruse, natural, præter-natural,
Occult, incult, difficult, excult, I fathom ;
Chiromance, Stultomance, and Necromance.

Buff. (*bowing*) Sir ! I believe it well.

Davo. (*with a nod of approbation*)—Thou'rt
wise—confide.

I can erect, deject, detect, direct,
Correct thee, or protect thee.

A I R.

*For I—am Dæmogorgon,
Of Destiny the organ ;
By me, the fatal Sisters
(Of weal and woe the twisters)
Their privy-council square.
By me, past, present, future,
Fortunes good, bad, or neuter,
To all who trust, declare.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Buff. (*Aside, with uplift hands and eyes*) Fate's
Premier! — (*bowing with reverend dread,*
and laying his purse at Davo's feet)

[*tremulously*] Sage Dæmogorgon, central point of
science!

Deign to accept this offering.

Davo. (*with supercilious condescension*) Buffalo!
Thy liberality hath won our favour.

Buff. (*bowing*) Wise Sir!—there is—

Davo. (*authoritatively interrupting*) Basta!
read thy inmost.

There is—I know't—a maid, thy ward, Cephisa,
Whom thou wouldst wed.

Buff. (*amazed*) O heav'ns!

Davo. (*in a significant half whisper*) Hast forg'd a
will

To bind her thine.

Buff. (*in consternation, aside*) Nay then, the
Devil's his prompter.

Davo. (*solemnly*) The stars frown on that
union—wed her not.

A I R.

A I R. D U E T.

Buff. *Not wed her ?*

Dav. *No.*

Buff. *Not bed her ?*

Dav. *No.*

No, no, no, no.

Buff. *Why so ? why so ?*

Davo. *She hath a spell upon her.*

Buff. *Not she, upon my honour.*

Davo. } *I say, a spell upon her.*

Buff. } *I say no spell, 'pon honour.*

Davo. (angry.) *Audacious ! such defiance !*

Of Stars ! of Arts ! of Science !

Buff. (piqued) *I think my past compliance*

Might claim the stars' compliance.

Davo. } *Audacious !*

Buff. } *I think my,* } *&c.*

Davo. *No, no.*

F

Buff.

Buff. *Why so?*

Davo. *They know full well
 She hath a spell.*

Buff. *What spell? pray tell.*

Davo. *Hear thou the spell;
 And mark it well.*

Buff. *What spell?*

Davo. } *Now mark. } &c.*

“ The first who tastes her charms,
“ Shall perish in her arms.”

Buff. *Once there, I dread no harms,
 These are but false alarms.*

Davo. } *The first who, } &c.*

Buff. } *Once there, I, }
 False, very false alarms.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Davo. (as in rage) Rebel! since my 'monitions
 thou regard'st not,
Dæmons themselves shall speak to thee. Stand
 clear!

*[Waves his wand, and draws a circle on the floor.—
 Buffalo springs aside, trembling]*

INCON-

INCANTATION.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied by Magical
Musick.*

Davo. Up from the murky den of night,
Hither *Hob nob-gob* expedite
Thine instantaneous flight !

[*Thunder—a flash, Folatre rises, disguised as a
frightful Dæmon.*

Fola. I come—I come—

Buff. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend
us !

Fola. Lift, *Buffalo*, lift, Oh lift !
But tremble not, and be your fears dismiss.

A I R:

*Nay, Buffalo, be not afraid,
By my terrific form dismay'd,
Nor scar'd by my grim feature!
Know, Don, I come, your life to save,
To drag you from the yawning grave,
For I'm a gentle creature.*

*Me, Buffalo, be sure to prove,
In all the offices of love,
As soft as Southern breezes;
My services can scarce be told,
The fearful lover I make bold,
And warm the heart that freezes.*

RECI-

R E C I T A T I V E.

- Davo.* " 'Tis well, a gentle sprite !
 " In order, now recite
 " The pains, fore doom'd to blight
 " That woe-worn wight,
 " Whom first, by nuptial rite,
 " Hymen to fair Cephisa shall unite."
Fola. Within this scroll,
 His fate I enroll.
Davo. (*taking the scroll, says to Buffalo*) Hear
 then.

A I R,

*Ere he can snatch one kiss,
 In prelude to his bliss,*

He

A P R I L - D A Y.

*He will be struck—Hepatic,
Sciatic ;*

*He will be struck—Ascetic,
Pbrenetic ;*

*He will be struck—Atbritic,
Pleuritic ;*

*He will be struck—Leproitic,
Schlerotic ;*

*He will be struck—Scerbutic,
Morbatic.*

*Last—drop—beside her bed,
Stone dead—dead—dead.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*David. (to Buffalo) Now infidel ! still doubt'st
thou ?*

*Buff. (venturing to look up, but trembling) Par-
don !*

*Pardon ! great sage ! I am convinc'd—not worlds
Shou'd tempt me wed her.*

David.

Davo. (*importantly*) Not first—no—not first.
 (*touching him with the wand*) Rise, Don ! now list
 the words of inspiration.
 In Mars they're character'd.

[*Gazing, and pointing.*

Buff. (*raising himself on his knees, with up-lighted hands*) Read them, great sage.

Davo. Thus they—"Thou hast one mortal
 " foe—a count ;

" He loves the maid—thou hat'st him."

Buff. (*aside, more astonish'd*) Intuition !

Davo. " Instant consent—He wed her ; so he
 " dies ;

" So is she freed, and so the spell dissolves."

A I R.*

Fola. *Who first ascends her bed,
 His bliss shall be his bane ;
 He'll find the marriage bed
 A couch for death and pain.*

* Omitted in the representation.

But

*But the second, Oh Heav'n! the second,
The happiest of men shall be reckon'd;
The second blest spouse she's decreed to,
Shall find her a virgin and widow.*

[disappears

R E C I T A T I V E,

Buff. (*bouncing up in transport*) Thanks, thanks,
kind Dœmogorgon!—Yes, I do;
I do consent.

[*Davo waves his wand, a roll of parchment
falls from above: he takes it up and unrolls
it.*

Davo. (*presenting it to Buffalo*) A deed in form!
—down darted
From Mars's orbit—sign thou this.

Buff. (*eagerly*) With joy.
There fage! 'tis sign'd. (*delivers it*) Folatre be the
first,
And Buffalo, the happy second spouse!

A I R

A I R.

*In terror, fear and sadness,
 Apoplexy, palsy, madness,
 His marriage he shall rue.
 The fates his promis'd joys shall blight ;
 Furies the nuptial torch shall light ;
 And on the bed, where Cupids play,
 Black imps a winding sheet shall lay,
 And give the devil his due.*

II.

*And then, the pride of story,
 Rapture tasting, snatching glory,
 Her charms shall I possess :
 The loves and graces shall attend,
 Venus her hero shall befriend ;
 Each flying hour on purple wing,
 New joy, new revelry, shall bring,
 And all conspire to bless.*

[After the Air, *Matilda*, *Cephisa*, and *Folatre*, in his own habit, come from behind the skreen.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Matil. Yes, Don, we'll witness to your deed
and bliss ;

When the Count dies, you're sure of Cephisa.

[*A general laugh.*]

Buff. (*staring round in vexation and shame*) Con-
fusion !

Gull'd !

Fola. (*slouchingly*) But an April masque—I
play'd the Dæmon !

Davo. (*bowing ludicrously*) The conj'ror I, sage
Davo, at your service.

[*Buffalo hangs down his head ; then, in despera-
tion, runs with his drawn sword at Davo.*]

Buff. This pay thy wages, cheat !

Davo. (*presenting a pocket pistol*) This pay my
thanks !

Buff. (*on his knees*) Mercy ! oh mercy !

[*Flings away his sword.*]

Matil. (*with contemptuous indignation*) Foh ! you
baited bull !

This

This day is Folly's festival—You, Signior,
Tho' not the only one, perhaps the chief
Of her examples—from our plot amend!

A I R. Q U I N T E T T O.

Matil. *Now you're pinn'd to the stake,
What a figure you make!*

Davo. *Nay, leave me to deal with our sir there.*

Buff. (aside) *I tremblè, I quake.*

Ceph. (ironically, to Davo) *Hold, hold, for my
sake!*

My sweet second spouse would you murthèr?

Fola. (scornfully) *On a reptile so weak,
What revenge can one take?*

Buff. (to all, plaintively) *Ye have humbled me—
what would ye further?*

Matil.	<i>Now you're,</i>	} <i>&c</i>
Davo.	<i>Nay, leave,</i>	
Buff.	<i>I tremble,</i>	
Ceph.	<i>Hold, hold,</i>	
Fola.	<i>On a,</i>	

Buff. *Ye have humbled me—what would ye fur-
ther.*

(embracing Davo) *Thanks kind Davo!
Davo.*

44 A P R I L - D A Y.

Davo. (with a ludicrous bow) *Sir! your Schiavo!*

Matil. (applauding) *Bravo! bravo!*

Buff. (again embracing Davo) *Gen'rous Davo!*

Ceph. }

Matil. }

Foa. }

Bravo! bravo!

Davo. (bowing to all) *Schiavo! Schiavo!*

T H E E N D.

4 AP 54

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